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Near East
Armenia

MARTYRED ARMENIA.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE
RECENT HORRIBLE

Massacres

...OF...

The Christian Armenians

...IN...

Turkey.

WITH A FULL EXPLANATION OF THEIR REMOTE AND IMMEDIATE CAUSES, SEEN THROUGH THE APATHY OF THE POWERS, AND A PLEA FOR HELP

—BY—

REV. S. S. YENOVKIAN,
AN ARMENIAN REFUGEE.

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1896.

THE BRITTON PTG. CO., 45 SHERIFF ST., CLEVELAND, O.

Dedicated.

To the most sacred memories of my dear ones, brothers, relatives and scores of friends, who perished in the company of those one hundred thousand Armenian martyrs, that were massacred *in defense of their faith in Christ, by the diabolical orders of the Sultan Hamid II. of Turkey, and by the most cruel hands of Islam* BEFORE THE EYES OF THE WHOLE CHRISTIAN WORLD, AT THE CLOSE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

S. S. YENOVKIAN,

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

January 21st, 1896.

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MARTYRED ARMENIA.

On your last Thanksgiving Day, all over this country, thousands of preachers and pastors, with cheerful faces, stood before their congregations and rehearsed your national blessings. Yea, the whole nation, proudly and justly, sang the sacred song, "Happy Is the Nation, Whose God Is the Lord."

Unquestionably, happiness and piety are closely connected, one with another. But the mere happiness and prosperity of a nation cannot be taken for an infallible sign—that the nation is God's people. Nor does the affliction of a nation always betoken that the nation is wicked. There are many ungodly people in this world who are happy, and also many devout races which are sorely afflicted. Such is the case with the afflicted Armenians. In the history of the Church, very few nations have been found so loyal to their Heavenly Master as the people of Armenia, and yet no other people upon the face of the earth have suffered as much as the Armenians. Before any other nation could venture to accept Christianity as their State religion, the Armenians proclaimed themselves, in a body, a Christian nation. And so they gained the distinctive honor, "The First Christian Nation." Throughout a period of sixteen centuries they have born the standard of their Commander through all kinds of persecutions, religious wars and firey martyrdoms, safe and undefiled. And now, in our own days, the whole nation, cross in hand and the Master's sacred standard unfurled over her head, is brought to the verge of extermination, by the greatest enemy of the Church of God. The assassin, the murderer, with a grim smile is scorning the whole of Christendom, and greatly emboldened by the supine indifference of the so-called Christian powers, with an increasing ruthlessness, is continuing in his inhuman carnage and butchery. It seems to us as if the whole of Christendom is dumb and wonderstruck, and is not able to understand the riddle, or to penetrate to the mysterious depth of the silence of the Christian powers.

It is under such appalling circumstances that the martyr, with all her armies of saints, composed of men and women of every calling, bearing their dear ones in

their arms, is calmly and composedly marching to the verge of extermination before the eyes of the whole Christian world. With all her followers she is ready to forgive her enemies, her most brutal executioners. But, like her Heavenly Master, she cannot close her saintly lips, without repeating to the ears of the Christian Europe, "Friend betrayest thou the daughter of Armenia with a kiss?"

Grief stricken with the incessant news of unparalleled massacres, despairing of seeing alive my dear little ones, relatives and hundreds of friends, I deemed it my solemn duty to interpret the last words of my martyred people, and make an earnest plea for the small remnant which can be saved yet.

Since the terrible news of the recent massacres began to be published in the newspapers of this country, everywhere, the people are asking, "Why are not the Christian governments of Europe stepping in and making an end to such awful slaughters?" Many attempts have been made through the press to explain, and even to vindicate, the gross indifference and apathy of the powers. Some have tried to explain by saying, "The newspaper reports are too much exaggerated, and hence the indifference of the powers." Others have said, "The jealousy of the powers toward each other's welfare is the only cause of their inactivity." Still others have tried to vindicate such a supine apathy by saying, "The peace of the whole of Europe, and the safety of the whole Christian world requires a very careful and cautious policy. The powers have a definite understanding among themselves for the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, but in order not to arouse the fanaticism of the whole Mohammedan world, they are acting very quietly and deliberately, which policy seems to us as if an apathy." And still a few who are not well acquainted with the most diabolical character and fiendish a ms of the Sultan and his admirers, have resorted, into a very queer explanation by saying, "The Sultan and his ministers have nothing to do with these horrible massacres. They have not been planned by the Turkish government. They are simply the works of those fanatic Moslems in the provinces and the Sultan is utterly unable to suppress these awful carnages. The powers know this, therefore they are not blaming the Turkish

government, or cannot enforce the Sultan to do that which they know he is utterly unable to do."

All these attempts to explain and vindicate the inactivity of European governments have proved to be utterly void and futile, and still the question, "Why powers are not stopping this carnage?" remains unanswered in the minds of the public, who are not well acquainted with the real secrets of the so-called "Eastern question."

If we desire to know the real causes of the indifference of the powers, we must have a brief review of the history of the massacres of the Christian races in Turkey. It is a well-known fact that in the history of that country, from time to time, the followers of Mohammed have ruthlessly butchered thousands of Christians. Within the last thirty five years alone, besides hundreds of comparatively small massacres, three great massacres have occurred by the express orders of the sultans themselves.

The first of these great slaughters occurred in 1860, at Mount Lebanan, in Syria, in which 10,000 Maronite Catholic Christians were butchered in cold blood by the Druses. The second great massacre, more terrible than the first, occurred in 1876, in Bulgaria. According to the most reliable authorities more than 15,000 Bulgarian Greek Christians were ruthlessly slaughtered.

The last massacre began in 1894, in the first part of September, and up to the present time more than 75,000 Armenian Christians, composed chiefly of helpless women and children, have been butchered with unparalleled cruelty and unspeakable lust. The nation has already lost more than half of their whole wealth, and more than 500,000 helpless men, women and children, without homes and clothing, are starving to death in the mountains of Asia Minor. And what is more than all these, every rising day increases the roll of martyrs by hundreds and thousands, and it seems that the unspeakable Turk will never stop his inhuman butchery, until the whole nation is exterminated. It is in the presence of the most powerful Christian governments, yea, under the very guns of their most formidable navies, that all these barbarisms are perpetrated upon the most defenceless Christian nation in the world. No wonder that the whole civilized world

is repeatedly asking "Why the powers are not stepping in and making an end to such a fearful carnage?"

Here is the true answer of this most pressing and urgent question: *Because the Armenians have no co-religionist among the European powers.*

The massacre of the Maronite Catholics occurred suddenly and unexpectedly. But no sooner did it happen than Catholic France, the coreligionist of the victims, stepped in, and with a single blow, not only stopped its spreading, but also punished the chief leaders of that fearful bloodshed.

The Bulgarian massacre also came without warning. But, as soon as it occurred, Russia, the recognized champion of the Greek Church, prepared itself for a religious war against the Turks, and with great sacrifices avenged the blood of 20,000 Bulgarian Greek Christians.

But who cares for the Armenians, who have a church distinctly of their own, and have no coreligionist among the European powers? In short, they are neither Catholics nor Greeks, but simply Christians. The heathen Turk knows this fact well, and, therefore, with relentless fury he continues in his unchecked carnage.

But, this is not all. There is something more in the inactivity of Russia and France, which is baser and more heinous than the mere selfish sectarianism. For many centuries the Greek Church, through her Greek and Russian emperors, has tried to induce the whole Armenian Church to join her own, but Armenia has repeatedly declined such an offer. The Popes of Rome also, at various times, have made desperate attempts to regain the Armenians into their sacred fold without success.

Some sixty or seventy years ago, when the American missionaries went to Turkey, the Armenians, before and above all other nations, heartily welcomed the missionaries and showed a marked tendency toward the evangelical doctrines.

Russia and France, within the last twenty or twenty-five years, have increased their efforts to induce the Armenian Church to join their respective churches by offering her their powerful protection against Turkish oppression. The Armenians deliberately and repeatedly have refused their offers, and as a whole the Gregorian Armenians have inclined to Protestant doctrines more

than any other church in the East. This fact has increased the fear of Russia concerning the probable predominance, in the future, of English prestige among the Armenians. Therefore, in order to prevent such an increase of English prestege in the East, Russia has resorted lately to a most diabolical scheme, by which she aimed, not only to the destruction of the Protestant missionary work in Turkey, but also at the conversion of the whole Armenian Church to her so-called Orthodox Church. According to this diabolical scheme, she sent secret agents to the cities of Asia Minor, with express orders to organize secret revolutionary societies in the principal cities, where American missionaries have established colleges and seminaries, and disturb the peace of the people in such a way, that the Turkish government may suspect the American missionaries as the real authors of the disturbances. This scheme failed in some localities, but in several cities it worked well, and the suspicions of the government were aroused against the missionaries.

Russia, who was quietly waiting for this opportunity, without a moment's delay, stealthly slipped behind the Turk and began to whisper, "You see those American missionaries? They are the real authors of those movements. You must get rid of them."

The Turk, already greatly alarmed by the mighty success of the American missionaries in his domain, eagerly listened to the intrigues of Russia against the missionaries, and began in every possible way to restrict their privileges and to check their success. It would fill many volumes to give a perfect idea of the means and schemes by which the Porte has hampered our missionary work within the last fifteen years.

But those secret societies, of Russian origin, had another, and perhaps greater, end to accomplish. It was this, to stir up the peace of the people everywhere and cause confusion. In this also, it is claimed, they succeeded fairly well.

The Turk, too glad to find such a pretext, began to slaughter the Armenians. Russia and France, both of whom were perfectly aware of the coming of these awful events, not only did not prevent their coming and spreading after the carnage commenced, but with all their secret intrigues they carefully fanned the awful fire of

the persecution, with the expectation that the helpless Armenians would throw themselves into the bosom of their respective churches. While England, who cares very little for such sectarianism, being entirely absorbed by her selfish interests in the east, and caring very little to do anything for a nation, who will not add any silver or gold to her treasury, shamefully and deliberately delivered the helpless Armenians into the hands of the heathen Turk. It is such shameful sectarianism and heinous selfishness that has tied the hands and feet of the so-called Christian powers. Here we do find the true explanation of the bitter reproach of the Daughter of Armenia. She is betrayed into the hands of the unspeakable Turk by the so called Christian powers. She knows this well, and for this very reason she is prefering a martyr's death to a shameful life. Shame to the civilization of this nineteenth century that is permitting such christian barbarism. Shame to those so-called christian kings, queens and emperors, who are acting like heathens. Shame to the Christendom that does not raise her voice against her own tyrants.

It was such ignoble sectarianism of the early Oriental Churches that gave birth to Mohammedanism. It was the base jealousies of the Latin and Greek Churches that strengthened the shaky pillars of the false religion. And now in our own days it is the same old despicable and ignominious sectarianism of the so-called Christian powers, that is supporting the greatest enemy of God and men.

In the future the powers may be forced to change their shameful policy, and may try to do something for the helpless Armenian. But no change of policy can expiate the most awful and heinous crimes that have been commited, premeditatedly and deliberately. History will record their shame, and the coming generations shall justly condemn their vile and base sectarianism. These facts were concealed from the civilized world, but most recently they are coming into light one after another.

Bearing in mind the true explanation of the inactivity of the powers, let us visit merely in imagination, at least some of the scenes of those recent awful massacres.

We will begin our sad and mournful journey by ascending Mount Ararat, upon which once the Ark of Noah rested.

We are now in the summer of 1894. All nature is smiling around us. The site of the Garden of Eden is not very far from us. If we turn our eyes toward the south we see a mountainous country called the District of Sassoun. Many Armenian villages are scattered all over that part of Armenia, but on account of the incessant raids of surrounding savage Kurds, they are all poverty stricken and gloomy habitations. These savages have been organized by the Turkish government and are supplied with arms and ammunition, with the express order from the Sultan to rob, plunder and kill the Armenians, and so either exterminate them or convert them to Mohammedanism. Nearly all these villagers are poor, half naked and destitute. By occupation, being farmers or shepherds, their cattle and crops are exposed to the plunders and raids of those savage Kurds, who are just at this time of the year swarming over the country. Therefore, for mutual protection the inhabitants of several Armenian villiages have come together and are feeding their cattle on one of the hills not very far from a city called Moush.

Oneday, while they were pasturing their flocks, a band of savage Kurds attacked them. The Armenian shepherds defend themselves bravely, and in the fight two of the attacting Kurds are killed. The friends of the Kurds take the corpses to Moush, and declare that the Armenians have overrun the country, and are killing and plundering right and left. The local government of Moush informs the Porte of the alleged uprising of the Armenians. The Porte, too glad to find such a pretext to exterminate the Armenians of the Sossoun District, at once gives orders to the military commander of that province—"Exterminate the Rebels."

Then commences the massing of the troops to the number of 8,000. Within a short time they surround those supposed 4,000 rebels, the majority of whom are women and children. Without any call to surrender they begin a fearful carnage, and do not stop their inhuman butchery until the last man and the last woman, yea even the last suckling infant, has duly paid for his or her rebellion.

But the blood thirsty soldiers and Kurds are not satisfied with this. They want more plunder, more carnage. Therefore they begin to attack the surrounding Armenian

villages and towns, whose inhabitants had nothing to do with the death of those two robber Kurds. In vain the villagers declare their innocence. In vain they beg for mercy. The fiendish Kurds and soldiers will not listen to any amount of entreaty and pitiful cries. Therefore the defenceless and utterly helpless villagers must yield to their horrible and dreadful dooms.

Now commences the most awful tragedy of the age; the most ruthless butchery of all inhuman butcheries. Hundreds of families perish in the flames of their dear homes. Many mothers are impaled on the same weapon with their dear suckling ones. Many fathers are butchered in the presence of their dear darlings, and many infants are dashed against the rocks in the presence of their frantic fathers and mothers. And what is more than all these, many young brides are outraged in the presence of their young husbands, and many saintly young ladies are violated before the eyes of their mothers, who frantically fought for the protection of the honor of their daughters, and are now bleeding to death. For many days these unparalleled deeds of inhuman butcheries and lust progress from one village to another, till 47 villages with their 10,000 inhabitants are exterminated.

O, Earth, cover not thou the blood of those 10,000 martyrs. O, Heaven, do not forget the inhuman betrayal of the Christian powers.

When the commander of this inhuman army of butchers was perfectly satisfied that all the rebels were exterminated, he telegraphed to the Sultan saying "Thy will is accomplished." The Sultan, well satisfied with the services of his faithful servants, rewarded him with first class military decoration.

With an unparalleled secrecy, the news of these awful deeds were kept from the civilized world fully fifty days. But at the end of that fifty days the grim news of these fearful butcheries, rapine and lust, began to come to light, through letters written by the American missionaries in Turkey. The whole of the civilized world was shocked once more at the fiendish deeds of the unspeakable Turk. The lying Turk, as usual, denied all of these brutalities, saying, "There was nothing of that sort, no killing of women or children, only 500 or 600 rebels, who

had rebelled against our 'kind and fatherly' authorities, were justly punished for their deliberate rebellion."

To this effect he tried to buy some newspapers, not only in Europe, but also in the United States. It is claimed that the unspeakable Turk partially succeeded, too, in this base scheme, but the sentiment of the Christian world was too strong to be suppressed by such false declarations, and consequently the powers were forced to demand an investigation of the facts. For a long time the arch fiend, the Sultan, resisted this demand by various pretexts, but the powers insisted in their demands, and so, after two or three months' delay, the Porte was forced to appoint a commission to investigate the Sassoun massacres.

The Turkish government prompted by the supine foreign policy of this government in Turkey, also requested President Cleveland to appoint a delegate to that commission. The president refused such an offer, but the Turk renewed his request in such flattering terms that the Chief Executive of this nation consented to appoint a delegate to make an independent investigation in Sassoun. But, no sooner was this appointment made known to the Porte than the Sultan recollecting the most damaging proofs that were brought into light through such an independent investigation made by the American Legation at Constantinople, during the investigation of the Bulgarian massacre in 1876, promptly refused such an appointment. The President, without further attempt, ended this diplomatic etiquette and so the Sultan as well as the President, both were equally glad to quit courting each other. It was a flagrant blunder on the part of this government to let slip such an opportunity to correct the Turk.

While these diplomatic contests were going on in the capital, the local authorities of the Sassoun were doing all that was possible for them to do, in order to obliterate the signs of those awful slaughters. Many Armenians were imprisoned, or sent to exile in order that they might not be able to testify. Hundreds of corpses were burned by coal oil. Many more were thrown into dry wells and covered with earth, while the snows of the most severe winter came and thousands of unburied victims were temporarily buried under five or six feet of snow.

But it was absolutely impossible to hide all the signs

of such fearful butcheries. Therefore the commission, after being hampered all the way through with many difficulties and obstacles, which were thrown into its course of investigation by the local authorities, was at last able to procure ample proofs which fully confirmed all the newspaper reports.

Soon after the completion of the investigation, the delegates communicated their reports to their respective governments, and so after some deliberation the powers, apparently in full concert, (but God alone knows how much disconcert existed among themselves), proposed to the Sultan to inaugurate some important reforms, in Armenia and all over Asiatic provinces. With various pretexts the Porte refused this proposition, but the powers insisted in it on the ground that the Porte, in the Berlin conference, had agreed to such are form, and had signed the Articles 61 and 62 of the Berlin treaty, as an express promise, to protect the lives and the properties of the the Armenians against all savages, and especially against the Kurds.

When the Porte saw that it was cornered by the Berlin treaty, he began to play a very old familiar political tune, which is well known to the civilized world as "The Balance of Power." No sooner did this charming music strike their ears than the powers began to dance their old political dances, and soon the Armenian question with all its fearful aspects, was forgotten, and the Turk was once more victorious, by playing one power against another.

In the meantime the distress among the Armenian population became simply unbearable. Everywhere they were assaulted, beaten, imprisoned, tortured and ruthlessly murdered, while more than half of the wealth of the nation was taken away from them and given to the Mohammedan population with various pretexts and extortions.

The incessant news of these awful distresses in the provinces, the sluggish and apathetic policy of the powers and the scornful defiance of the unspeakable Turk before the whole Christian world, all of these gloomy circumstances, combined together, caused the Armenian population of Constantinople to despair and to resort into a des-

perate attempt to petition the Sultan, the arch enemy himself, through the Grand Vizier.

It was on the first day of last October, when several hundred Armenians of the capital, in a body, marched toward the palace of the Porte, professedly to petition the Sultan. The arrival of the Armenians at the palace was the signal of desperate encounters. The police fired upon the Armenians. They tried to defend themselves as best they could. In the fight many Armenians and a few Turks were killed. Soon the fanatical softas of the capital armed themselves, and began to massacre the Armenians on the streets, before the very eyes of the Ambassadors of the powers. Three days this carnage continued without any attempt to check it. During this time, hundreds were killed, many of them being smashed into a pulp by the police after they had been wounded and taken into the police quarters. No doubt this was done by the instructions of the Sultan himself.

The news of the slaughter of the Christians at the Capital spread with alarming rapidity into the provinces of Asia Minor, and within a few days, all over the Empire, the fire of the Mohammedan fanaticism began to burn with an unparalleled fury, but no general uprising occurred in the provinces for several days. This was due to an old Mohammedan law, which requires a formal sanction of the Shiekh ul Islam, or the firman of the Sultan, before a wholesale butchery of Christian subjects is commenced. The Turks waited for orders from the Capital, and it was not long before they arrived into the cities of Asia Minor from the Yildiz palace of the Sultan, Hamid II., the incarnate devil.

The first effect of the Armenian movements in the Capital was a great consternation and alarm at the palace of the Sultan. In fact it is claimed that another plot of the "Young Turkish Party" against the life of Hamid II., being discovered two or three days after the Armenian movements, made a dismal impression upon the mind of the tyrant for several days. But soon his fiendish courage returned upon him with seven fold potency, and the greatest tyrant of the Nineteenth Century, the Nero of the Turkish Empire, began to plan a wholesale massacre of his most defenceless subjects. It is said, and generally believed to be true, that a favorite of the tyrant, an Arab-

ian scoundrel, with his most diabolical advices and intrigues, aided the Sultan in planning the wholesale butcheries.

According to this plan, their wholesale carnage should occur at different cities, at different dates, in order that the powers may not suspect the Sultan as the author and director of these general massacres.

The method of effecting the uprisings of the Mohammedan population against the Armenians, was also carefully planned. It was very simple and yet a most diabolical one. According to this plan, at a given day, some Turks, disguised in Armenian dress, were to make an attempt to burn a government palace, or a Mohammedan mosque, or were to fire some blank shots upon a Turkish crowd and then they were to run into the Christian quarters of the city, and there in a mysterious way to disappear. The rest was easy. The Mohammedan population were to be called to arms and slaughter the Christians in self-defence, and then plunder their stores and houses as legitimate spoils. By this diabolical scheme it was very easy for the local government, not only to vindicate the perpetrators of these butcheries by throwing all the responsibilities upon the Armenians, but also very safe and easy to hide the real authors of these massacres, not only from the Christian powers, and the Armenians, but also from the perpetrators themselves. Of course, all these secret arrangements were discovered, after the wholesale slaughter and rapine occurred in different cities, and their causes were found to be almost alike in the majority of the cases. But there were some exceptions to the method, as we shall see later on.

Now we have come to the description of these recent horrors.

It will be almost impossible for me to give even the most condensed accounts of all those recent carnages in Anatolia, in such a little pamphlet. Therefore I will give simply a brief description of a few of them to serve as samples for hundreds of similar massacres.

We will begin our second mournful journey by going first to Trabizond, a city in Asia Minor, on the Black Sea.

It is the first week of October, 1895. The whole city is in a sea of great excitement. The inhabitants have heard about the recent slaughter in the capital. Everywhere the people are talking of a coming massacre in this

city also. The foreign consuls call in a body upon the governor, and urge him to arrest those who are exciting the populace to deeds of violence. For a time matters seem quieted down. But on the 8th day of October, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, the assault begins at 11 A. M. Unsuspecting people, walking along the streets are ruthlessly shot down. Men standing or sitting quietly at the door of their stores, are dropping with a bullet through their heads or hearts. Their aim is deadly. None are left wounded, but they are all killed. Many are slashed with swords until life is extinct. Now the mob passes through the Christian quarters, where only old men and old women and little children are left alive, while the rest are slaughtered ruthlessly. For five hours this horrid work of inhuman butchery goes on. The cracking of musketry, something like a volley from a platoon of soldiers, and the thud, thud of sword blows are heard on every side. Now the sound of musketry dies away, and the work of looting begins. Every shop of an Armenian, in the market is gutted, and the victors in this cowardly and brutal war, glut themselves with the spoil. They have the secret order and sanction of the Porte, who can hinder them from their brutal lust and greediness. There goes one poor fellow. He is called on to surrender. He thinks he was called on to give up his religion. He refuses. He is hacked to pieces in the presence of his wife and children. Noble martyr, the gates of heaven are open for you. He joins that great army of Armenian martyrs, with the company of 1200 of his fellow citizens.

We leave those 1200 mutilated and dishonored bodies of the Christians in the streets of Trabizond unburied, and direct our trembling steps toward Kharput, a city not very far from the banks of the Euphrates.

On the way, on every side, we see the flames of the burning villages rising toward the skies. The poor villagers themselves are scattered, butchered and burned to death by hundreds and thousands. No reporter saw the most mournful tragedies of the age and no newspaper published the details of the most fiendish deeds. They were seen only by the unslumbering eyes of the Almighty and were recorded only by His hands in the books of Heaven, to be preserved for the day of judgment, when the books shall be opened and their records made known.

Through bloody paths and firey seas we arrive at Kharput. The city is situated on a plain and contains 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants, the majority of which are Mohammedan races. All over the city you see high minarets raising their heads toward the skies, and so proclaiming the name of Mohammed. But Christ also has many true and devout followers in this city of everlasting oppression. There stands the Armenian College (the unspeakable Turk objects to the word "Armenia," therefore we must change its name and call it "Euphrates College"). This noble institution was founded by the toil and tears of many thousands of American and Armenian Christians. There stands the seminary, a shining light in the midst of the darkest superstitions. There we see the dwellings of the American missionaries, many of whom have devoted their lives in building up a mighty and promising station on the banks of Euphrates. There you see many other institutions and churches, which belong to the Gregorian Armenians, who are friendly to the preachers of the Evangelical doctrines.

Let us enter into the city and see what is going on. We are now on the second week of last November. Some Turks having charged the Armenians with revolutionary movements, the government is taking away their arms. Soon the dire news of distant massacres begin to pour into Kharput from every part of Anatolia.

The Moslems of Kharput also begin to speak openly of a coming massacre. Every day brings with it the fresh news of the most fiendish depredations, lust and carnage of the Kurdish tribes all over the country. Soon after from the surrounding villages many terror stricken fugitive Armenians begin to come, and, with tears, relate the most infernal butcheries and cruelties of the Kurdish hordes, who were evidently advancing upon Kharput. The notables of the Armenian population apply to the authorities for protection. The government expels them from the palace with threats.

On the 10th of November, the Kurds appear before the city, numbering several hundred; the Armenians defend themselves bravely, simply firing over the heads of their assailants. The next day the Kurds renew their attacks upon the Christian quarters of the city. The Armenians again defend themselves. But on the 12th day

they hear that the Kurds, numbering many thousand are just outside of the city and are preparing for another attack upon the Armenian population. Just at this time they see that the regular Turkish soldiers are marching to meet the Kurds outside of the city. When the two armies of inhuman butcherers meet each other they fraternize with each other in such a way as if the whole affair was known and planed by the Turkish authorities themselves. After a brief consultation the plan of the awful carnage is settled. The Kurds are now supplied with repeating rifles instead of their old fashioned arms. They have the express order and sanction of the government. Who can hinder or prevent them from their most diabolical intentions? The Turkish soldiers return to the city without making even a show of resistance. Soon after the swarms of innumerable savage Kurds, with demoniacal yells and infernal howlings attack the Armenian quarters of the city. The Armenians resist for some time with those few arms that were hidden away from the Turkish authorities. But overwhelming numbers soon sweep away all barriers before the surging sea of the infernal devils. Now begins another unparalleled slaughter and carnage and the most fiendish acts of lust and sensualities, which no human tongue can describe and no mortal pen can paint. The battering and breaking of the doors and windows, the cracking of the musketry, the terrible slashing sound of scimitars, the mournful cries of men and women begging mercy on their knees, the pitiful shrieks of little children at the sight of the butchery of their fathers and mothers, the groans and agonies of the dying ones, mingled with the infernal yells and Tartarean howling of the incarnate devils themselves, fills the air with an indescribable and endless roar. There goes our dear Armenia College. It was a sore in the eye of the unspeakable Turk since it was built, and now they have set fire to it. There rises the flames of the seminary and the houses of missionaries. Now they begin to fire upon the missionaries themselves. God save those devout souls from the bullets of the cruel Turks. Now they are burning the whole christian quarters. Now they have attacked the churches. O what a horrible sight; there, they kill the priests and their congregations together. Why are those surviving women

and young girls dragged away with the blows of clubs or pulled by their hair? Oh! unspeakable brutalities, fiendish deeds, my soul trembles within me. Let us hasten to depart from Kharput. It is no more a city built for human habitation. It is a slaughter house. A den of incarnate devils. A hell upon the face of the earth.

But, dear soul, soon in your flight you will meet other scenes of carnage, lust and butchery, which are much more diabolical and fiendish than these.

We leave the city of Kharput in the hands of those fiendish Turks and regular soldiers, who also joined in that general rapine of blood and lust, and in many cases much more so than the savage Kurds.

We leave the Armenians of the whole district scattered, burned and butchered and with weary steps and trembling souls continue our mournful journey toward Marash, a city of 40,000 inhabitants in ancient Cilicia, and not very far from Tarsus, the birth place of Saint Paul.

Our road passes through immense forests, deep valleys and almost unapproachable mountain passes. In every step on the way we meet the unburied and decayed bodies of the murdered Armenian christians. Many of them are literally torn into pieces by men more brutal than the beasts of the forests. In the stillness of night we hear the most pitiful cries and heart-rending agonies of old men, women and children, who ran away from the cities and villages to these unapproachable mountains, and are now starving to death by the hundreds. In the day time we meet other scenes of unspeakable sorrow and horror. Raise your eyes and look to that little cave. There you see a little girl of only five years of age, sitting on a bare rock in one of the corners. She is pale, half naked, shivering from the cold, hungry, sick and all alone. A constant stream of tears is flowing down her cheeks, but you never hear any cry. At times, with her golden hair she is wiping the burning tears of sorrow and undescribable distress, and gazing into the other corner of the cave where lies the decaying remains of her dear mother. O, what a boundless ocean of unspeakable sorrow and agonies are raging in that little heart.

Two weeks ago, when the Kurds and Bashi Bozooks were attacking their little village, her papa hastily came

home from the field and shouldering her two little brothers, telling her mamma to also shoulder her, they started to run away from the attacking savages, and were not gone very far when some Kurds began to chase them. Papa and mamma ran as fast as they could, but soon the Kurds overtook papa, who, having on his shoulders two of his little darlings, could not run as fast as mamma did. The Kurds first killed with their swords little Vanes, then she heard the shrieks of Toros, and then they killed the dear papa too, while mamma, with awful shrieks and wailings, ran away from those inhuman butchers, in order to save, at least, her darling Anna. She did not stop until sunset when she fell down and fainted. For some time she was like a corpse and little Anna in vain bitterly tried to make her mamma answer her callings. At midnight with an awful shriek she cried, "O Heaven save my Anna; they have killed my dear Vanes, my dear Toros, my dear husband. Heaven save my Anna." Yes, Heaven has saved her darling Anna to have a more terrible fate than those who have already perished. Till morning she and her darling cried bitterly, when, at sunrise, the little girl opened her eyes and looking into the face of her mother said, "Mamma, I am hungry, but we have no bread." The loving mother with trembling steps began to look among the trees of the forest to find some wild vegetables, intending to appease the hunger of her darling by such foods. Soon she gathered some roots and green leaves, and brought them to her only surviving child. The poor little creature began to devour those green leaves and chew the roots of the trees. At noon they began to wander into the hearts of the dark forests and found a cave. A whole week they fed upon the leaves and roots of the forest, but at the end of the week the mother became sick, and poor Anna with tears watched her darling mother for three days, while she lay, in awful distress, upon the bare rock. On the morning of the fourth day she looked into the face of her mother, and lo, her eyes were closed. She cried, "Mamma! Dear Mamma!" but no answer came. She was dead! All day she put her little, pale cheeks upon the cold face of her mother. On the fifth day she wandered out of the cave and gathered some roots and shrubs to appease her hunger, when she heard some yells which resembled those of the Kurds who killed her father

and brothers. Hastily she ran back to the cave and now she is afraid to go out and so is sitting upon a bare rock, pale, sick, hungry, all alone in this world, to plead the cause of tens of thousand little darlings of Armenia, who are, like herself, wandering and hiding, at this very hour, in the mountains of Armenia and Anatolia.

Through such indescribable scenes, we arrive at the top of a high mountain called Aghri Daghi ; "The Mountain of Pain." The view, that opens before our eyes from the top of this mountain, is simply charming. A plain, over one hundred square miles, is spread before us, with all the imaginable beauties of nature. The rivers of Ak Sue and Gihon, with their winding courses and innumerable tributaries, are irrigating the whole plain. The distant mountain ranges, rising behind each other, with charming purple and deep blue colors, and undulating outlines, are giving such a delightful effect, that no tongue can describe. The mountain itself is covered by thousands of vineyards and gardens, matchless in their beauties, bounties and varieties of fruits. While the innumerable springs and fountains, with their crystal waters, are irrigating the whole mountain side. Just on the southern slope of the mountain, and not very far from us, a most picturesque city is situated upon several hills. That charming city is Marash, my native home. Therefore, the very sight of it fills my eyes with tears. In that dear charming city I have hundreds of friends, relatives, brothers, sisters, yea, wife and dear little ones. On account of a cruel Turkish law, which excludes all naturalized Armenian Americans from their native country and homes, I have been deprived of seeing the faces of my dear ones for many years. But now we can go to the city of my childhood safely and without risk, under the care of a faithful imagination. Therefore, let us descend the mountain and approach the city from the north. At every step the scenery before us is constantly changing, and growing more and more charming. Now we are within a mile of this modern Garden of Eden. On our left, we see a group of buildings gracefully situated upon a hill. The one nearest to us, and standing higher than the rest, is our dear seminary for young ladies. Behind this building we see the dwellings of the American missionaries. Among them, just at the central part of the

group, there stands the theological seminary. Let us advance a little more towards the city. Now, far away in the central part of the city, upon another hill, we see another group of most attractive buildings. They all belong to our protestant communities. The one, higher than the rest, is the First Congregational Church. Right to the south of it, we have public school buildings of every grade including an Academy of Science.

In other parts of the city we have four other protestant churches. All of them are connected with one or more school buildings which are supported by the voluntary contributions of our Protestant congregations.

The Gregorian and Catholic Armenians, also, inspired by our educational successes, are trying to rival not only each other, but even our own missionary workers.

The crafty Turks know very well of all these wonders, directly accomplished by the inspirations of the American missionaries, therefore, with an infernal hatred they hate all these enterprises of the "infidel dogs of the west," as they are accustomed to call the missionaries.

Let us enter into the city and see what is going on. What a crowd on the streets! They are all armed with old fashioned guns and swords! They are going to the palace! Now we hear a military band playing. The sound of the band is coming nearer and nearer. It is a regiment of regulars. They are just coming from the capital of the province to join the regulars of Marash. On every side we see an active preparation for war. But who and where is the enemy? Against what city are they going to direct their attacks? It is no longer a secret. All these preparations are against the Armenians of Zeitoun, a town within 18 miles of Marash, situated directly on the north and contains eight or ten thousand inhabitants. For many years, the local government of that town has oppressed the helpless Armenians, and lately, the four hundred Turkish soldiers stationed there as guards, have committed so many excesses and vile brutalities, that the exasperated inhabitants have taken arms against the Turkish tyranny, and have besieged those four hundred brutal soldiers in their barracks, just outside of the city. And now, all these preparations that are going on at Marash are directed against the inhabitants of Zeitoun.

We are now in the third week of November. Every day is bringing into the city hordes of wild mountaineers. The regular population of Marash, in time of peace, is 40,000, about 30,000 of which are Mohammedan Turks. But now, besides 10,000 regular soldiers, 10,000 or 12,000 Bashi Bozooks have also come into the city, by the invitation of the local government, and with the hope of plunder, rapine and murder, when the rebel city Zeitoun is captured.

But these savages hear that the inhabitants of Zeitoun, having fortified the already unapproachable town, and not expecting any mercy from the tyrannical government, have decided to defend themselves to the last, therefore, these cowardly savages are not very much disposed to risk their hides against the bullets of those despaired Guavours.

But these wild beasts of the mountains must be fed. The local government has no money to spare for them, Therefore, the savages begin here and there to plunder, the shops and the stores of the defenceless Armenians of Marash. Nothing can hinder them from deeds of violence and murder. With drawn pistols and swords they attack the Christians, and rob them before the very eyes of the police, who not only do not care to prevent such outrages, but actually participate in the rapine. And woe unto the Armenian who resists such acts of plunder and rapine. Instantly he is hacked to pieces. Every day the distress of the Armenians of Marash becomes worse and worse. At the same time, the Turkish Government at Constantinople, in order to prepare the public mind to vindicate a massacre at Marash, begins to publish false reports, saying "the Armenians of Marash have tried to burn the Mohammedan mosques of that city, and have fired upon the Moslem population." The truth is, the Armenians of Marash can hardly venture out of their houses, on account of the horrible murders and outrages, perpetrated upon them by the savage Kurds and wild mountaineers. Raise your eyes and see one of the many awful tragedies that happens just out outside of the city. A family of five members, father, mother and three children, after having spent the summer in their vineyard, are returning to the city. A band of savages attack them within the city limits, and after outraging the mother and her three daughters in the most brutal manner, they hack to pieces

their helpless victims. Every rising day is spreading an indescribable terror throughout the Christian population of Marash, and they are actually shut up in their houses. They all clearly see that the approaching storm of blood and fire is not far off.

We are now on the 17th day of November. It is a day of rest. But for the Armenians of Marash there is no rest. They are all preparing to defend the lives of their dear wives and children against the fast approaching bloody storm. They have no arms or ammunitions, and whatever arms they did have were taken away long ago by the Turkish Government. Their preparations are merely defensive. They are nailing the window shutters, barring the gates and doors of their homes, hiding their valuables, and if they have the means to repair the easily accessible places to their houses or quarters, they are doing so very cautiously in order not to attract the attention of their Mohammedan neighbors. It is a day of worship, but the Christian population of Marash dare not go into the house of their Heavenly Father, out of fear that the fanatical Moslems may butcher them, while they are engaged in solemn worship. And yet there is not a single Christian family in that city which is not engaged in solemn supplications with tears of indescribable sorrow and agony.

It is a day of joy and comfort for Christendom, but for the Armenian Christians of my dear home, it is a day of mourning and wailing and heartrending agonies. Let us approach to some of the Christian families and stealthily peep in and see what is going on in their secret chambers. Oh, what tragical sights are enacted within those private chambers! What dreadful scenes are displayed before our eyes! See! how many fathers and mothers are kissing and embracing their dear darlings, with the full knowledge that they are the last kisses on this side of the valley of death. Look, how sisters and brothers are hugging each other for the last time on earth, and sheding the tears of eternal partings! Hear, how heartrending are the advices of the Christian mothers and fathers, who are unreservedly counselling their charming daughters not to yield to the brutal lusts of those infernal beasts, even if their lives are offered as a condition, and

not to give up their religion if the whole world is offered as a recompensation.

But, as I said before, this dear city of Marash, is my native home, where I have so many dear friends, relatives, brothers, sisters, yea, a wife and four darling sons. Can I forget them in these most agonizing hours of indescribable distress? Can I pass by their houses without having at least a glance into those secret chambers of our dear home? No, no! I must go and see at least some of them and hear their most agonizing petitions directed to the throne of God. I must go and see first of all, my own dear darlings, though in this imaginary visit, I will be found utterly helpless to do anything for them, or have any conversation with them.

Here they are! I see them for the first time in ten years, and that merely by the aid of imagination. O, what a great change! When I left them ten years ago they were babies, but now every one of them is quite a lad. But poor souls, how pale they look! Where are those rosy cheeks of their babyhood? Gone! So, early —so prematurely gone, on account of the unspeakable distress caused by the absence of their exiled and most unfortunate father of all fathers that God has created. There, my oldest son Mihran is sitting in one of the corners, and with silent tears, he is meditating upon the approaching storm of blood and fire. He is thinking how to defend the lives of his dear younger brothers and his mother when the infernal butchers break the gates and the doors of their houses, and dash upon those darling ones with drawn swords and cruel scimitars.

There, in another corner I see my darling son Dicran, kneeling before the throne of God and with agonizing tears, he is praying to his heavenly Father, that He, in His endless mercy may change and soften the heart of the Sultan Hamid II, that he may cancel his firman for the slaughter of the christians in his empire. O, how can I keep silent in the presence of such a devout soul, whom I found engaged in secret prayer in behalf of his father and mother while only twenty-eight months old? He is the same devout and Godly saint; he is the same heavenly angel living upon earth. In him no murmur, no spirit of revenge, no sign of imprecation of any

kind. O, God! O, Merciful Father! hear the prayers of thy little saint, in the hour of agonizing distress.

There is my third son Haigazoon, a brave little fellow of thirteen. With dauntless courage he is walking from one end of the room to the other, and back again. He is brandishing a cane in his hands and trying to comfort all his brothers, yea, even his mother, by promising them his protection to the last. He will defend their little home against any brute, who will dare to cross the fence of their dear home. But poor soul, how can a lamb fight against a tiger? May God save him from the clutches of those infernal wolves.

There is my youngest son, my little darling Moses. He is sitting by the side of his crying mother and asking many questions about that beautiful land "where all tears are wiped away." He likes to know about the throne of God, about the prospect of recognizing each other in heaven, and about the hope of meeting and knowing his earthly father on the other side of Jordan. Dear little angel, how many times he has written to his earthly father saying "Oh father, when will I meet you and know you for the first time?" Now he has given up all hope of seeing his earthly father on this earth, and he is very anxious to learn from his mother about the prospect of knowing him in heaven. Who can stand at the sight of such heart-rending realities and agonizing spectacles?

Oh, Heaven grant me only a few hours respite to be with my dear ones, and permit me to die with them and for them. Alas! Heaven will not grant my supplications. His ways are mysterious and I must yield without murmer. Therefore, good bye my darlings, goodbye. May His wonderful protection be with you, and you may all safely pass through the seas of fire and blood.

I must go and see at least my only sister and three brothers before I leave my native home.

There is my only sister, a widow, and grief stricken soul. Many afflictions have made her bend long before her time. She has suffered so much in this world that the approaching carnage is a welcome friend. Her only desire and request is this, that heaven may please to direct the coming butchery in such a way that she and her blooming daughter may cross the river of death together. Dear sister, may God grant your supplications. Good

bye dear Mary, good bye. Soon we will all gather together on the other shore where death rules no more.

I must go and see my oldest brother, dear Bagdasar. Oh, noble soul, his dwelling is surrounded by the most brutal moslems that this world has ever seen, and yet it is a shining star in the darkest corner of the heathen world. Now I see him kneel down before his heavenly father, with all his dear little ones. How calm and composed he is. First he begins to read from that most wonderful book all those passages which tell about the celestial city and its many mansions. He is prepared to meet his heavenly father. He has fought the good battle so well. He has finished his earthly career so nobly and so gloriously. Now he begins to pray; his soul is filled with the approaching glories of heaven. All his supplications are chiefly directed to this one point, that God may protect his dear wife and children after his death. Dear Bagdasar, surely Heaven will grant your supplications and in all probability some of your dear ones will accompany you in your heavenly journey. Good bye my dear saintly Bagdasar, good bye.

Now, I am within the sight of the stately home of my youngest brother, John. He does not believe in prayer very much, but his devout wife pleads with him to pray with her dear little ones. She gathers her five little children around her, and begins to pour her indescribable sorrows before the throne of the Most High. She prays earnestly that God may spare the life of her husband as well as the lives of her dear children and father and mother, and hundreds of relatives who live not very far from their home.

Last of all I must go and see my dear brother Kiragos. Oh, dear brother, we were almost like twins, and how often people mistook us for each other. But fate has widely separated us. I can see him preparing himself for the coming storm. He is not afraid to die. He, like brother John, believes in self-defence. Pray, brother, pray, that at least your life my be spared when the stormy sea of blood drowns the charming hills of Marash. Good bye, my gentle-natured Kiragos, good bye. You, all my inumerable relatives, good bye. My only sorrow, my only disappointment, is, that heaven has denied me the privilege to join that heavenly pilgrimage

which soon will start from earthly Marash toward heavenly Zion.

Now, we must leave the dear Marash and spend the night upon a hill, which is situated on the west side of the city. The day passes with such awful anxieties. The Sunday sun goes down behind the blue Mountains of Taurus. The dark hours of the gloomy and dreadful night begin to rule. The little ones are laid in their beds. But the fathers, mothers and their older sons and daughters, who are well aware of their dooms, are waiting and watching, in fearful suspense and anxiety, for their sleeping dear ones, aud cannot close their eyes. They are expecting every moment to hear the dreadful carnage begin. But the night passes away safely and the morning comes. The Armenian population of Marash await their dooms in their houses. Turks see that it will not be an easy task to attack them in their houses. Therefore, the local tyranny sends town criers to the Armenian quarters with this direful message: "We, the Pasha of the city and all the dignitaries of this local government, order and demand that every store and shop that belong to a Christian dog must at once be opened, and whosoever refuses or disobeys such command instantly shall be torn to pieces, and all his property shall be plundered and his house shall be burned to the ground."

No other alternative is left for these helpless victims but this—death in their houses or death in their stores. Many of them obey the government's orders and open their stores. In all probability my dear brothers are among them. Oh, what tearful "good byes" are those that are exchanged in many homes!

But, there are some Armenians, who prefer death in their dear homes, and so refuse to open their shops and stores.

Now the Turks see that their diabolical schemes worked well, and it will not be very hard work to butcher their victims while they are in their shops and stores.

It is now 11 A. M. The butchers are ready for their bloody work. The local government has given all the necessary orders for the management of one of the most horrible massacres. We are now standing at the top of that hill which is situated on the west of the city. We can see almost the whole city from this point, and watch

the most fearful butcheries of this sinful world with perfect distinctness.

The citidal of the town is within 1000 yards of us. All of a sudden, upon the battlement of the citidal, a few soldiers appear and they wave in the air, a banner. This is the signal to begin the fearful butcheries. The mob is at once divided into three great divisions. The first attacks the business portion of the city, the second division marches toward the eastern part of the city where the Christian quarters are, and the third division divided into many secondary divisions, attacks the dwellings of those Christians who are scattered all over the city, and many of them are completely surrounded by Mohammedan neighbors. The first division begins its work earlier than the others. Many helpless dear souls are shot, torn and hacked to pieces in their stores and shops. They who try to reach their houses, are overtaken by the pursuers, or are met by the divisions of those other armies of butchers and ruthlessly slaughtered in the streets. Only a few of them succeed in reaching their houses, to die together with their wives and dear little ones. Now the first division, having finished the most inhuman and cowardly work assigned to it, begins to surround the southern part of the Christian quarters, that none might escape the wholesale carnage.

Now the third division and its secondary divisions are burning one by one the christian homes with their human contents. Only the most charming women and girls are spared for awful passions and lusts.

At this juncture, the police and the regular soldiers also join into the infernal bloodshed. The surging sea of fire and blood has almost arrived at the dwellings of the American missionaries. There, the flames of our Ladies' Seminary is rising! O, how many years I earnestly worked for the erection of that institution, and now all is gone within a few hours. There goes the Theological Seminary with the yells and Allah Allah's! of the incarnate devils. Now from another part of the city the flames of the School of Science are flying to the skies. There they kindled the dwelling of my brother John and of more than a dozen friends. I see my brother's children scattered. Where is John? He is butchered, torn into pieces

by the infernal savages. My dear John, I wish I could have died with you and for you!

There is the house of my oldest brother Bagdasar, not more than 1000 yards from us. How can I stand at the sight of such a carnage? God! Merciful Father! protect the lives of my brother and his little ones! The mob is not very far from his house! The brutes are breaking the gates and the doors of his house! They are firing through the windows! He is dragged out and hacked to pieces! God shorten his agonies! It is over; he is gone to his heavenly home. The incarnate devils are plundering his earthly home; yea, even robbing his dead body. But God in Heaven is crowning him with eternal crowns. Where are his children? Where is his wife? These are questions that cannot be answered now.

But let us turn our eyes and see what is going on in the main Christian quarters of the city. They have surrounded the whole Christian quarters from every side. They are burning whole blocks at a time. Far, far away in the east end of the city I have one brother left. The mob is advancing slowly to that part of the city also.

Here the helpless Armenians with dispair try to defend their homes, the lives of their wives and dear ones. The Turks see that their advance is not very fast, so they gather the whole army of tens of thousands of savages upon the last refuge of the victims. By this time the howling Dervishes with their tambourines and infernal yells, encourage the wavering mob, while the Muazins, from the tops of high minarets, with horrible chants and "Allah! Allahs!" urge the army of butchers to finish their fiendish and fearful carnage. There goes the last refuge of the helpless Armenians of Marash. Oh, God only this time hear my prayers, only once grant my supplications. There is my poor helpless and altogether defenceless family, my dear, dear darlings. Will you not grant me simply this grace—to go and to die with them. I will not raise my hands against any Mohammedan or Turk or Kurd, but simply die with my dear ones, simply die together.

Did he spare them? Are they living? Is my dear, almost twin brother, Kiragos living? How can I know it? Who will answer to these questions? The night has come but the carnage has not ceased. The mob having

finished the days butchery, has begun a wholesale plunder of the stores and houses. The whole night the awful flames of thousands of Christian homes are enlightening the surrounding hills and mountains. The agonizing groans of the wounded and dying raise an indescribable echo far away in the mountain sides. The whole night passes in Tartarean tortures and wailings. The morning comes. The Satanic generation continue their unchecked slaughters, rapine and unspeakable acts of fiendish lust and lewdness. Now all is over. 1000 souls have gone to their eternal homes, while many more are lying at the gates of death. Thousands of widows and orphans hungry, naked, without home or shelter, are wandering and searching among the ruins of their homes, the remains of their dear husbands, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters.

Let me go and search for my dear dear darlings. Where are they? The house is gone, nothing is left. Did my little darlings also perish in that infernal storm of fire and blood? For many weary days I wander among the ruins of that city searching for lost ones, and at last from the ruins of Marash, a gentle voice in a whisper says, "Your son Dicran is living." God bless him. He is living, but where are the three darlings and their mothers? No answer. Awful suspense. Where is my dear brother Kiragos? The same gentle voice says "he also is alive, but at the gate of death." Oh, Heaven only one brother left to me in this world, and he at the gate of death. How can a mortal man like me stand such terrible blows? "Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul." Why have I been spared from that awful destruction? Oh, merciful Father, why have I not been permitted to die with my brothers, scores of relatives and friends and (in all probability) with my own darlings and wife?

But where are the widows and orphans of my dear brothers? I see them wandering among the smouldering ruins of their dear homes. Oh, what heart rending sights! Over a score of them! They have now found the charred remains of brother John. Oh, what mournings, what wailings. There the remains of dear Bagdasar is taken out of the ruins. Dear Bagdasar, what a saint he was, what an angel he was. Dear brother, thine is the rest,

mine will be the toil. Dear soul, God will take care of your orphans and I will cheerfully work and toil to pay my solemn obligations to you, to John and to all. Now I see why heaven has spared me. I will no more murmur or wonder, but simply pray, obey and surrender. Good bye my darlings, living or dead, wounded or dying, good bye, I cannot tarry here any longer. I have a solemn duty to accomplish, a great debt to pay. I bid you good bye, may His most wonderful compassion and care be over all of you, till we all meet together in the home above, where all sorrows are forgotten and tears are wiped away.

We leave dear Marash in smouldering ruins, many hundreds of Armenian myrters unburied, and her monuments leveled to the ground, and with indescribable sorrows advance toward the Cara Dagh, a very high mountain 15 miles distant from Marash, and directly on the west of it.

From the top of this mountain a fearful sight opens before our eyes. The whole panorama before us displays the extent of the destruction which is going on all over Cilicia. Many scores of Christian villages are in flames on every side. Innumerable savage hordes of robbers are pouring into Marash from every side, to rob not only the living but also the dead ! while inhuman butchers of the mountain districts, like hungry wolves are chasing the helpless men, women and children from hill to hill, and from cave to cave. Poor fugitives who are fortunate to gain the town of Zeitoun, as the last refuge from their pursuers, are beseiged in that Armenian town. Soon the most awful fate will overtake them there, and they also will surely perish in this absolutely universal storm of blood and fire.

From the top of this high mountain, we can almost discern the American warships cruising near the shore of Asia Minor. Why ? What is their aims ? Nothing, simply to say to the Christians of America, " Our government has done, is doing, and will continue to do all that lies in its power to ensure full protection of life and property to American citizens, legitimately sojourning in that Empire." How true, all that the United States can do is CRUISING !

Here we stop our most heartrending and sorrowful

journey. We have no power left in us to visit the scenes of others, equally and in many cases much more horrible massacres. We will not take our readers with us to go to Van, Bitlis, Erzeroum, Moush, Arabkir, Sivas, Dearhekir, Orfa, Aintab, Birejick, Hajin, Shar, Talas, Kaserie, Scutari, Marsivan and scores of other cities, and several hundreds of villages all over Anatolia and Armenia to show them the most appalling and fearful destructions that this world ever saw.

Is is beyond our aims and abilities to write a book, which will give at least in a condensed form all the details of those unparalleled and unheard of rapine, carnage and absolutely indescribable lust and lasciviousness. The scenes that we have tried to describe were by no means worse than those that we have omitted. The most appalling horrors we left untold. The worst shall be known only on the Judgment Day.

But we cannot pass by all these frightful butcheries without making a few general remarks on them, which will throw some light upon the whole panorama of all these fiendish deeds and reveal to us the real authors, their motives, as well as the impulses and incentives of the perpetrators themselves.

Already we have given some hints concerning the motives of the instigators of the movements among the Armenians. We have also briefly explained the real causes of the apathy of the so-called Christian powers of Europe. But thus far we have not made any extensive remarks which would have given an ample insight of the real motives of the authors and perpetrators of the nefarious carnages.

It is of supreme importance that all Christendom, and especially the people of this country, might fully understand the real nature of the Mohammedan movements throughout Asia.

The followers of the false religion are fully aware of the approach of the most momentous times in the history of their religion. Not only in Turkey, but all over the world Mohammedanism is preparing herself for a final struggle. Do the Christian nations of the world fully understand these facts? Do they amply realize the gravity of the Mohammedan movements in Turkey? Or do they

think that these commotions are simply a temporary tempest and soon will settle down?

If we desire to comprehend all the causes of those Moslem movements we must have, at least, a brief retrospective view of the great struggle which has raged between the followers of Christ and the followers of Mohammed since the seventh century.

At the commencement of this most gigantic conflict Mohammedanism, at the head of immense armies, attacked the disunited christian races of the east, and easily conquered them.

After a few centuries the misguided Christians of the west began to send some succor to the oppressed christians of the east.

We know how shamefully ended the wars of the Crusaders against the Mohammedan races.

Soon after these struggles were over the Ottoman Turks crossed into Europe and after capturing the capital of the Greek empire, they began to threaten the whole of Christendom, but God in his most wonderful providence used the capture of Constantinople as a great cause of the reform of his corrupted church, and it is simply marvelous to see the decline of the Turkish Empire begin soon after the church of God was reformed.

But this great struggle between the followers of Christ and the followers of Mohammed took, at the beginning of this century, a very different form, through the introduction of a new element into the conflict. This new element was nothing less than the preaching of the evangelical doctrines in the Turkish Empire through the American missionaries.

Mohammedanism, at first, not only suspected no danger from the preaching of the missionaries, but actually expected some indirect help by the increase of divisions among her Christian subjects. But she was mistaken in her expectations. Until the beginning of this century Mohammedanism had to do always with a corrupted Christianity—with the Greek and Latin churches, therefore she was almost always victorious against that sort of christianity.

But no sooner did the reformed Christianity began to come into contact with Mohammedanism than the latter began to feel the unlimited strength of the former. The

Moslem of the Turkish Empire clearly saw that in the preaching of the missionaries there was a power which was fast undermining their religion. They also fully realized the great danger that was threatening their tyrannical throne and was directly emanating from the dissemination of the Christian civilization of the west in their own domain. Therefore, as soon as they discovered this most appalling strength of the evangelical doctrines, they began to restrict all the privileges of the missionaries granted them under treaty rights, and soon after they began to deny many educational rights which were expressly granted to the native protestant communities. As we have already intimated, the Turkish government was actually encouraged by the Russian and French governments to lay a diabolical scheme for the expulsion of the American missionaries as the instigators of those movements among the Armenians, and then to destroy all vestiges of the missionary enterprises in her domain. These facts clearly explain why during the recent massacres the fury of the fanatical Islam was chiefly directed against our missionaries. The Moslems were instigated not only by the central government at the capital, but also by that most captivating, universal and ancient belief that the time of the great struggle between the Islam and the infidels had come. The gravity of all these Mohammedan movements lies here. The true and reformed Christianity and the false religion, for the first time in their history, have come face to face and all this bloodshed and carnage in Asia Minor is simply the preliminary skirmish of that most gigantic conflict of which the whole world is going to be a battlefield.

At present every Moslem, not only in the Turkish Empire but all over the world, firmly believes that the most enviable time for the followers of Mohammed have at last come, and they are called upon to exterminate, by the special sanction of God and his prophet, Mohammed, all the infidel dogs from the face of the earth. Does Christendom know these facts? Are the Christian nations of Europe fully aware of such a universal belief, stiring and agitating the whole of Mohammedan worlds against the whole of Christendoms? Thus far all indications point to a negative answer. True, here and there, in the obscure corners of some newspaper or magazine, we read

an article written by a missionary or an able traveler, which gives an ample warning concerning such ominous movements in the Mohammedan world, but soon such hints are forgotten or lost sight of.

As we are fully aware of these gigantic and fanatical movements that are going on among the followers of the false prophet, we deem it our solemn duty to inform the people of this Christian land of their movements. Do the people of this country know that through their missionary workers in Turkey they have actually wounded the old lion of Mohammedan fanaticism? Are they aware of the unquestionable fact that the massacre of the Armenian Christians is simply the direct result of their hearty welcome of the missionaries and their loyalty to their Heavenly Master? If not, through this little pamphlet, we earnestly request them to investigate these statements and find whether they are true.

The unspeakable Turk, after hiding for a long time his most bitter hatred against the American missionaries, recently has begun openly and defiantly to charge them with sedition. According to the most reliable reports, the local governments in the provinces have prepared a declaration, saying "The American missionaries were the real authors of these recent outbreaks in Turkey, by stiring up the Armenians to revolt," and forcing the helpless Armenians to sign such a lying document.

This diabolical scheme has a three fold object in view. First, to criminate the American missionaries before the eyes of the whole world, as well as before the eyes of the suffering Armenians. Second, to justify the refusal of the indemnities for the loss of the missionaries. And third, to inflame the relentless fury and most bitter fanaticism of the Mohammedan world against the missionaries. This latest diabolical movement of the Turk, beyond all doubt, proves all our general statements concerning the nature of all these Mohammedan movements in Asia. Mohammedanism has clearly made up her mind to fight against the preachers of the Reformed Christianity every where, and exterminate all those who welcome the preachers of Protestant doctrines. She is confident in her final success on account of the most nefarious and vile sectarianism of those so called Greek and Catholic Christian powers, who have already aided the unspeakable Turk

against the English and American Protestants, not simply by their apathy and indifference to the slaughters of the helpless Armenians, but also by their fiendish policy of actually preventing England from stepping in and stopping the horrible inhuman butcheries.

The unspeakable Turk greatly emboldened by the shameful jealousies of the powers, fearlessly, day by day, is increasing his carnage and rapine upon his helpless victims. He has already begun his work of conversion of the despaired Armenians to his false religion, by offering them the choice between the Koran and the sword. Lately he has offered shelter and food to the widows and orphans of thousands of martyrs by this condition, that they must yield to the religion and lust of their Mohammedan neighbors.

It is under such fearful, appalling and most heart-rending circumstances that I have resolved to make an earnest plea for my most helpless and most unfortunate people, and beg some relief for the starving myriads who are at this very hour wandering in the mountains and forests of Asia Minor and Armenia.

I am fully aware of my inefficiency to present amply the most pitiful appeals of my people, but the most solemn duty and obligations which are pressing upon me, as a member of that most unfortunate people, are so urgent and importunate in their demands, that no amount of consciousness of my insufficiency can make me keep silent. Therefore I must speak and plea, yea, even entreat for my martyred people, whose cries for mercy, sympathy and help has shaken the whole world.

For this most sacred cause, first of all, I call upon you, the preachers of the gospel and the servants of the word of God; you all preach kindness, sympathy and charity, you all teach that the poor must be cared for, the needy must be supplied and the children of distress must be comforted. Now I come to you in behalf of hundreds of thousands of poor, needy and distressed men, women and children, who are starving to death by hundreds and thousands at a time. I ask you what have you done to alleviate the agonies of those perishing myraids? Have you given your attention to those horrible tales of distress published daily in the newspapers of this country? Have you brought their sacred cause before your congre-

gations, and have you asked some relief in behalf of the widows and orphans of those martyred Christian Armenians? I know that some of you have done your duties toward those afflicted and persecuted Christians of Armenia, and have already sent some relief to the victims of the unspeakable Turk, but I fear that many of you with various pretexts and excuses have neglected this most solemn duty up to this time. Therefore, through this tract, I earnestly beg you in the name of your sacred profession, in the name of humanity, and above all, in the name of your blessed Master, to bring this most urgent and sacred cause before your congregations without further delay, and urge them to send some relief to those starving myriads. In addition to this, with all your strength, raise your voices against the apathy of the Christian powers of the world and condemn their shameful and unpardonable policy. If you do this, then you will not only be the preachers of the word but also the doers of the same.

Next I call upon you, the leaders of education and the defenders of true Christian civilization. You have devoted yourselves to a noble calling and your profession is truely sacred. You delight in the training and molding of the human intellect. It is the glory of your noble profession to give a free scope to every talent that God has hidden in the soul. You abhor ignorance and rage a relentless war against those who try to disparage and restrict your sacred callings. But turn your eyes to those classic lands of the East, and see how the unspeakable Turk has kept the minds as well as the bodies of many millions in utter darkness and slavery for 500 years. Now, even in such a century, he is raging war against the resplendent civilization of the West. With an implacable fury he is burning, one after another, the colleges, seminaries, schools and every institution, which was erected chiefly by the labors and tears of this noble nation. Can you stand still and gaze on those barbarities with a supine indifference and be loyal to your sacred callings? Will you permit that archfiend in his infernal fury to abolish all the educational undertakings of this Republic with impunity? If not, why thus far have you not spoken? Why are you not raising your mighty voices against all these barbarities and condemning the Turk with all your

might? If you are waiting for civilized Europe to take the lead, you are surely under-estimating your prestige and sacred rights. Therefore, in the name of your noble callings, in the name of civilization of the Nineteenth Century, and above all in the name of humanity, I entreat you, I implore you to raise your strongest protests against all vandalisms of the Moselm hordes. Speak with your thundering voices and the tyrant surely will tremble. Write with your flashing pens and the prince of darkness and ignorance will shudder.

I come to you, the societies of charities, secret orders, labor organizations, brotherhoods, fraternities, and every kind of benevolent institutions. I love and respect your noble aims and principles. Surely you have done a great service to your fellow beings by your self denials and contributions. Your favorite hobby is to alleviate the miseries and distress of your associates, to abolish the oppressions of the tyrants and to establish equality and brotherhood among all men. For this noble end you have organized yourselves into societies of mutual help; but as I understand, your principles are not confined only to your narrow circles; you have such benevolent and broad principles and aims which run out of your own societies and embrace the whole of mankind without the distinction of birth, race or nationality. Therefore, through this little pamphlet I come to your secret halls and public meetings in behalf of a nation whose sorrows, sufferings and wailings have already filled the whole of the civilized world. At least for a moment turn your eyes from your daily toils and labors, and look at the hills and valleys of Asia Minor and see how the brutal Turk is chasing, hunting, butchering and massacreing an industrious race who has served him for many centuries without a murmur. True, the unfortunate race lives far. far away from your shores; mighty oceans, great seas and high mountains have separated them from you, but they are all united with you with many noble qualities and virtues; they carry in their veins the same blood that you carry; they cherish in their hearts the same tender feelings that you cherish. The Christians of Armenia are a noble race. They love their homes and highly respect social purity; they delight in entertaining the stranger and the needy; they are far superior to their oppressors in intellectual traits and in

business talents; they are the most industrious race in all Asia Minor, while their lazy oppressors, who hate to work, and are given to plunder, actually have lived upon the labors of those helpless Armenians for many centuries, and when lately they found that their Armenian slaves could not support them by their labors, they began to massacre them by the wholesale.

You who love and defend the sacredness of home, family and social purity, will you not join in the universal protest which is going on to shake the whole world? Will you be willing, with your great armies of laboring men, women and children, to come to the front and say to the unspeakable tyrant, "thou infernal brute, stop thy carnage and slaughter of our helpless fellow beings?"

If not, how can you expect that your doctrines are going to conquer the whole world? How can you be found loyal and faithful to your principles, if you stand still and gaze indifferently on the slaughter of your fellow beings? No, no! You are too noble to be indifferent to the sufferings of a nation that believes in the equality of mankind, in the protection of individual liberty and freedom, and in the sacredness of home.

I earnestly believe that my appeals will find a hearty response in your secret halls, and you also will raise your voices against the greatest outrages of the nineteenth century and with your substantial aid, alleviate the sufferings of the helpless Armenians.

I come to you the editors, writers and reporters of newspapers of every description. I come to you with the full knowledge of your might and sway. In this land of liberty and independence you have almost unlimited power upon the sentiments of the public. At your calling you can bring out the horrid ghost of war from its infernal caves. At your rebuke the sweet angel of peace hastily flies away. I bring before you a cause, in which you are already interested and for which you have performed wonders. Many of you at the great risk of your lives have penetrated into the depth of "Darkest Turkey," and souls in hand have gathered the horrible tails of fiendish deeds and brutalities and have scattered them to the four winds of the earth. Thus far you have served for the cause of Armenia, more than any other class of men in this country. But the poor sufferers of Armenia

are not aware of your noble services in their behalf. They are not permitted to know of your kindness. The unspeakable Turk has shut them into the dungeons of ignorance, and therefore, they think that the whole of Christendom, yea, the whole world have forgotten them. If they knew of your services, surely with tears they would extend their gratitude toward you, and in their agonies they would not have despaired so bitterly.

But you have not finished your work. There remains yet much to be done. This great nation has not been stirred up thoroughly. Therefore, in the name of the starving myriads, I beg you to continue in your noble efforts in behalf of those perishing, utterly helpless widows and orphans; with your editorials and publications, far and wide spread the indescribable sufferings and distresses of the martyred Armenians. Give to the four winds of the earth the agonizing tales of all the fiendish deeds of the Turks, Kurds, and especially of the chief fiend himself. And do not cease hurling your thunders until the butcher is butchered, the tyrant is dethroned and the blood of the last man and the last child is avenged.

I appeal to you the leaders of this noble nation and the representatives of this grand republic. I come to you with all the respect due to your high positions, and absolutely free from all party prejudice or prepossessions, I come to you, not with exaggerated statements, or unfounded political surmises, but with well established facts, and official documents and correspondence.

Through some of your able ministers to Turkey, you have been well acquainted with the diabolical policy of the Porte against your American missionaries in its domain. You are aware how the fanatic Turk, within the last fifteen years, gradually have deprived the American missionaries from their religious rights, granted them by special treaties. Your State Department knows very well how the Sultan issued a firman to close your mission schools in his empire, and soon after actually closed many of them, and a little later threatened to close them all. Again you are perfectly aware of the fact, that four years ago, through the secret instigations of the Turkish government the fanatic Moslems began to burn

your colleges and churches, under the cover of night, by the full knowledge of the local authorities.

When the Turkish government saw that you are indifferent to the interests of your missionaries and citizens, she took one step more and passed a law by which she excluded all the naturalized Americans from her domain. It was a gross insult against this Grand Republic, and yet you, as the representatives of this nation, did not make even a protest against this gross insult. The Sultan, finding no check before him, soon passed another law prohibiting the emigration of the wives and children of the naturalized American citizens who were sojourning legitimately in her domain. You, being fully aware of all these outrages perpetrated against your peaceful citizens, did not protest against such a cruel law, but formally and actually recognized, yea even approved such an abominable and altogether outrageous law, and so brought upon thousands of altogether innocent and helpless naturalized Armenian Americans, and upon their wives and children, awful calamity and distress. We have in our possession your official documents, which prove all these statements.

Being one of the victims of such an outrageous law, again and again I have applied to you for protection. But every time the same answer came, "You are a naturalized Armenian American. Turkey does not recognize our citizenship, therefore we cannot protect you."

Even this is not all that Turkey did against this country and its citizens. When the heartless Sultan Hamid saw that he could escape all the consequence of those outrages with impunity, he, lately, began to burn down, not secretly, but openly, all your colleges, seminaries and dwellings of your missionaries. Not satisfied with this, he openly and deliberately insulted this government by refusing to recognize the two consuls sent there, most recently, and they were forced to return back disgracefully. Even this is not all. During these bloody carnages the Porte, with contempt and scorn, has repeatedly defied this great nation and has already destroyed over $300,000 of property belonging to the American missionaries, and has deliberately and repeatedly defied and scorned your Legation at Constantinople. Even not satisfied with this, many of

your citizens were beaten, insulted, imprisoned, and over fifty of them were massacred, and what is more than probable some of my own dear ones are among those victims. They are also naturalized citizens on account of my citizenship.

I ask you, the chief executives and representatives of this country, what have you done to prevent or to punish such outrages perpetrated against your own citizens? I have a formal and official answer from the State Department, which I deem it appropriate to quote on this occasion.

It was on the 17th of last November when I was called to speak in a union meeting at Sidney, Ohio. After the meeting was over a gentleman stepped forward and asked me if I had seen a cablegram from Constantinople which was published that morning and gave the brief details of an awful massacre that had occurred at Kharput. I said no. Something impressed upon my mind all that night and I felt an awful anxiety for my friends and relatives at Marash. The following morning I got up unusually early and began to cry bitterly on account of the great danger that threatened the Christians of Marash. For over an hour I asked myself, what can I do for the safety of my dear ones? Suddenly it dawned to my mind that I must send a request to the President and ask once more for protection to my wife and children. So I at once went to the telegraph office and sent the following telegram:

Sidney, Ohio, Nov. 18th, 1895, P. O. Gen. Del.
President Cleveland of the United States of America,
Washington, D. C.

"The lives of my wife and four minor children at Marash, Turkey, in Asia, are in great danger. Ask protection as American citizens." S. S. Yenovkian.

On the 26th of November the dire news of the awful massacres of Marash, for the first time began to be published in the newspapers of this country. I was simply wonderstruck when I saw that the very day, yea the very hour that I began to cry bitterly and sent the telegram to the president, the awful massacre had commenced at my home, Marash.

On the 28th of that month while at Delaware, O., I

received the following letter, which was forwarded from Sidney, O.

Department of State, Washington, D. C.
November 25, 1895.

S. S. Yenovkian, Esq., Sidney, O.

Sir:—Your communication to the President, of the 18th inst., saying that the lives of your wife and four minor children at Marash, Turkey, are in great danger and asking their protection as American citizens, has been referred to this department.

Mr. Terrell, the United States Minister at Constantinople, has made no report of individual cases, but under his standing instructions, has acted promptly on all such matters during the recent troubles in Turkey. This government has done, is doing, and will continue to do, all that lies in its power, to ensure full protection of life and property to American citizens legitimately sojourning in that empire, and the efforts of Mr. Terrell have been unremitting to that end. I am sir, your obedient servant,

Richard Olney.

Here we pause a little while, and then with all the respect due to your high positions we ask you, what have you done, as the chief representatives of this Republic, to protect the lives and properties of your citizens in Turkey? You will say, "why, we have sent three gunboats to Turkish waters." We know of it, but we would like to know what are these gunboats doing in Turkish waters? "They are cruising." Are they protecting your treaty rights there? "No, they are there to cruise." Are they preventing the persecution of your missionaries? "No, they are there only to cruise." Are they stopping the burning and plunder of your colleges, seminaries and missionary buildings? "No, they are there simply to cruise." But we hear that almost fifty American citizens are butchered; are those gunboats going to do anything to prevent further butchery of the citizens of this country? "No they are there only to cruise." But Secretary Olney in his letter, says: "This government has done, is doing and will continue to do all that lies in its power, in order to protect the lives and the properties of its American citizens in Turkey."

What a shameful policy! Simply cruising up, cruising down, cruising right, cruising left, and this is all that

this government can do while the flag, the honor, the rights of this country are trampled down by a most cowardly tyrant and the lives of its citizens are taken in cold blood. But the Turk is much more practical in his policy. He does not believe in cruising; he believes in plundering, burning, outraging, killing and massacreing, and you expect to stop those things by simply cruising?

This is not all that we can say against the most outrageous foreign policy of the present administration in Turkey.

The Secretary, in his letter, praises the efforts of Minister Terrell, at Constantinople, in high terms. It is not our aim to make public all the charges that are brought against Minister Terrell; we only say this, we have ample proofs to convict him as a traitor if we find the right court.

I do not appeal to the general government of this nation in behalf of the oppressed and outraged Armenians. A government that does not care to protect the lives, honors and property of its own born and naturalized citizens, will never consent to do anything for a people which are not connected with the ties of citizenship. My only hope is in the good and godly people of this country, therefore I direct my appeals to them.

I come to you, the true citizens of this country, with full confidence in your generosity and benevolent virtues. I have more and greater expectations in you than in any other class of men. If any real and substantial help is going to be rendered to the suffering and perishing Christians of Armenia, it is going to be rendered by the individual citizens of this country, and not by its general government.

Therefore, through this pamphlet, I come to your houses, to your stores and offices, and in the name of humanity, in the name of religion, and, above all, in the name of God, ask some relief in behalf of the 500,000 men, women, children and suckling infants, who are at this very hour perishing by hundreds and thousands.

Will you be willing to respond to this most urgent and sacred call? Will you be willing, by your generous contributions, to save at least some of that great army of destitute and distressed women and children?

Remember that they are the true worshipers of God

and the loyal followers of Christ. They have not done anything wrong. They are innocent. Their crime is their loyalty to their religion, and they are persecuted because they do not believe in that false prophet, Mohammed.

You have in this land of independence a free and peaceful country. Your lives and properties are protected. No man, no tyrant can impose upon you. You have comfortable homes and well-supplied tables. Your sons and daughters are the joys of your dear sweet homes. You will not lose much if you give a few cents or a few dollars for the sufferers of the Armenian massacres. Will you be willing, O, you mothers, to send some of your old clothings, through the Red Cross Society, to the grief stricken and almost naked widows and outraged young ladies to cover their shivering bodies from the cold winds of the winter?

Oh you fathers, who love your little darlings, and will readily give your dear lives to save them from the hands of cruel butchers, will you be willing to give a few cents or a few dollars to relieve the agonies of tens of thousands of Armenian children who are starving to death one by one. With incessant tears I am writing these lines, in every other second I am stopping and wiping the burning tears from my eyes, hoping and believing that my feeble efforts shall not be in vain.

Oh, you rich people of this blessed land, I entreat you not to forget in your stately mansions the poor old men and old women, who are crouching into the caves and cracks of rocks in the mountains of Armenia. Once they also had some shelter, they also used to gather around their fire places and enjoy, at least in some measure, the happiness of home. But one day a mob attacked their houses, they killed their dear ones, burned the houses and spared them on account of their old age, to die a more miserable death than their sons and daughters. See, now, they are all alone ; they have no sons, no daughters, no friends, no relatives, no food, no clothing, no strength, absolutely nothing. Will you be willing to to alleviate their agonies by your relief ?

I ask you, men and women of prayer, will you be willing to bow before the mercy seat of God, that He in His compassion may consent to shorten the days of the tribulations of the daughter of Armenia, and restore her

to her former less miserable condition, or if it is His blessed will to grant her perfect freedom and independence from the cruel hands of the detestable Turk.

Last of all, but by no means the least, I come to you the representatives of the "American National Red Cross Society." With the full realization of all the difficulties and dangers that lie before you; you have consented to go to the land of the tyrant, and try in every possible way to alleviate the distresses and agonies of those suffering myriads.

Did ever a mortal being undertake a nobler and more benevolent enterprise than the one which you have undertaken in these days of unparalleled horrors and distress? Yours is the honor undefiled, courage unchallanged and joy unlimited.

From every part of this blessed land we bring our little gifts to you. Take them and fill your chartered steamer with food and clothing. We bid you God speed with the tears and joys of sacred hope and sorrow.

When your colors disappear in the stormy horizon of the Atlantic, remember that millions left behind you will earnestly pray for your success and safety. When you pass by the famous rock of Gibraltar do not salute the freebooters of the perfidious England who only fight for gold and silver, and never risk their lives for right and for humanity.

When your sail glides over the gentle ripples of the Mediterranean, quietly whisper to the ears of faithless Europe that the day of vengeance is not far. When you anchor on the coast of the land of endless oppression, tell to the chief Tyrant that you have come from the ends of the earth to repair the ruins which his infernal torches have caused, to feed the widows and the orphans whom his avaricious greed has robbed, to clothe the naked, to cheer the dishonored who have been the victims of his most brutal lust, to nurse the sick, to care for the wounded whom his cruel hands have smitten, and to comfort the bereaved and to bury the martyrs who have been bereaved and butchered by his own savage hords.

When you stand upon the land of the Star and Cresent, where once ancient prophets and patriarchs dreamed heavenly dreams, where David and Solomon sang their sacred songs, where Apostles and the Savior himself

preached the good tidings, but now the false religion rules, unfurl the peaceful emblem of the blessed "Red Cross" in the name of Christ and humanity.

Go forward with dauntless courage ; find the wanderer in his endless path ; seek the weary fugitive in his dreadful loneliness ; lift up and kiss the curly haired darlings who are aimlessly wandering all alone in that land of sorrow and distress.

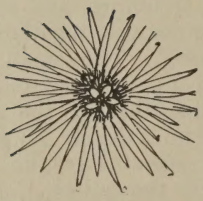
Climb the high mountains of Anatolia, plunge to the deep valleys of Cilicia and Cappadocia, carefully search the immense forests of all Asia Minor, gather the scattered myriads and lead them to the sites of their dear homes.

Feed the hungry and the starving, cloth the naked, comfort the bereaved, encourage the despairing, dress the wounded, nurse the sick, and watch over the dying saints. In their last agony cheer them with the promises of the eternal life. Speak to them of that land, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest, there the prisoners rest together, they hear not the voices of the oppressor. The small and the great are there and the servant is free from his master." And when their spirit passes through the pearly gates of that celestial city, where no Turk or Kurd can follow them, deliver their earthly remains to the dust of the earth, there let them rest till the end of time, when the great Gabriel will sound his trumpet.

And when you are through with your most sacred work in the provinces of Anatalia go to the capital of that most brutal tyrant, that incarnate devil, SATAN Hamid II., and in the name of this great Christian nation bid him stop his fiendish butcheries. If the brute refuses to listen to your gentle voices, tell him that you have millions of brave brothers in the land of freedom, who will sail for the land of detestable Islam, and in the name of Christianity and humanity, will wipe out the execrable Turk from the face of the earth.

And when you have fulfilled this most sacred mission turn your faces toward this dear Land of Charity, and sail onward with the songs of an undying victory. When you enter with flying colors into the harbors of home and liberty, we will welcome you as the true heroes and

heroines of faith, love and charity. But your rewards will not be complete until the day of all rewards dawns, when the Great Master will honor you with eternal thrones and crowns.



Dedicated.

To the most sacred memories of my dear ones, brothers, relatives and scores of friends, who perished in the company of those one hundred thousand Armenian martyrs, that were massacred *in defense of their faith in Christ, by the diabolical orders of the Sultan Hamid II. of Turkey, and by the most cruel hands of Islam* BEFORE THE EYES OF THE WHOLE CHRISTIAN WORLD, AT THE CLOSE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

S. S. YENOVKIAN,

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

January 21st, 1896.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

NOTICE.

All contributions in the form of money, clothing or food sent to the following address, will safely reach the suffering people.

MISS CLARA BARTON,

President and Treasurer of the American National Red Cross, Washington, D C.

On January 22, 1896, Miss Barton sailed for Turkey, but authorized agents will take care of the relief sent to the above address.